CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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ORIGINAL SERMON.

By L. L. Sadler.

And Hazael said, But what! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? 2 Kings, viii, 13.

While Joram held the royal sceptre in Israel, the worthy, and highly distinguished Prophet, Elisha, discharged the functions of his high and responsible office. Being renowned for healing the leper, Naaman, and a captain in the Syrian army, Benhadad; the Syrian king, on one occasion, having learned that the man of God had entered the precincts of Damascus, sent Hazael, his confidential servant, to the Prophet, laden with precious gifts, according to the custom of the times, to inquire of him the probable issue of a disease, with which the heathen Prince was afflicted, and which endangered his life. Obsequious to the commands of his sovereign, Hazael appeared before the Prophet Elisha, and disclosed the object of his visit. Having given the necessary intelligence on this particular, Elisha fixed his eyes with anxious solicitude on the countenance of Hazael, till abashed at his own impertinence, he turned his head, and without uttering the least syllable, melted into a flood of tears. Hazael discovering the agitated and melancholy state of the Prophet's mind, interrogated him relative to this sudden and unexpected burst of grief, "Why weepest thou my Lord?" He gave answer, that the Lord had showed him the evils that would be inflicted on the children of Israel through his instrumentality; and gave him to understand that he saw in him the barbarous, the cruel, and the inhuman MONSTER, who would one day smite the people of God in all their coasts. Hazael, shuddering at the thought of being considered so destitute of the common principles of virtue and philanthropy, as to be guilty of such acts of atrocity and wickedness; and overwhelmed in astonishment at the Prophet's recital of his future villainies, exclaimed, "but what! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing!!!" Elisha merely observed, that in looking through his prophetic telescope, he foresaw that he would be raised to the chief dignity of the nation, to exercise authority and dominion over the people of Syria.

Accusation sometimes proves to be the first step to crime. But whether in this instance, the prognostication served to arouse his ambition for power, aggrandizement, and glory; or formed a circumstance in the great chain of connecting causes and effects, to bring to pass the mysterious future according to the predictions or not, I do not pretend to determine. But of this we are assured—no sooner did he return to the palace, than he commenced his iniquitous career by imbruing his hands in the blood of his Sovereign, and seizing the crown.

Raised from an humble station to the chief magistracy—from the character of a servant to a Lord—from the slave to the master, and from the menial subject to the princely Sovereign, he lost his former principles of benevolence and integrity, and rode on recklessly in his relentless car of vice, from one species of wickedness to another, until he completely fulfilled all that the man of God had predicted concerning him. He was a Prince distinguished for barbarity, violence, cruelty, and blood. "He smote the children of Israel in all their coasts, and oppressed them with grievous burthens."

In this narrative, or life of Hazael, we discover the influence of circumstances over a man's character and conduct. By a change of fortune and condition, we see an individual gradually advancing onward in a career of sinfulness, till he willingly commits those acts of moral turpitude he once turned from in sober disgust, and looked upon but with abhorrence. Doubtless, when the Prophet developed to Hazael the characteristics of his future life, and disclosed to his view the crimes that would one day mark his footsteps, his soul recoiled upon herself, and shuddered at the thought. How little did he anticipate that the pages of historic record would be blackened with the annals of his barbarity and tyranny, Ah! when he exclaimed, "what! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" how little did he imagine that he should become callous to all the appeals of humanity and sympathy, and hardened in iniquity, should perpetrate the most horrid crimes that ever disgraced the human species.

How little does man know of the world! how little of himself!! Here is an example which we may contemplate, and derive instruction—an instance of human weakness and depravity on which we may reflect with profit. How few among the vicious and the profane, the base and the vile, but have, in some day of their lives, looked upon the vices to which they are now addicted with perfect detestation; and how few among the number, but once thought themselves at an infinite remove from the degraded state to which they are now reduced. Man is partially a creature of circumstance; and though the mental, moral, and social faculties with which he is endowed, may grant him an alliance with God and Angels, yet he has incorporated in his organic structure, (to which he is also mysteriously attached,) evil propensities, base passions, sensual appetites, and ignoble desires, which, when lawlessly indulged, sink him beneath the level of the brute. These animal affections and lusts being subject to the influence of surrounding objects, are ever making loud demands for gratification. And if we yield to their suggestions in one particular, we remove the corner stone of the outer bulwark and open a passage for a thousand vices to follow in train. The walls of integrity and virtue are easily sustained, so long as they are kept unimpaired, but let carelessness promise safety—let resolution once give way—nay, let the enemy remove but one stone, and there are ten chances to one, that the whole will be tumbled into ruins, leaving the hapless votary of *vice*, but the wreck of disappointed hopes and the victim of despair. We indeed know but little the command we have over ourselves. It is difficult to foretel what a day may bring forth. The friend of the friendless, the angel hope, may inspire us with the blissful anticipation, that all shall yet be well! We may assure ourselves that the passions and appetites will ever be subject to the *will*, and at the command of reason and judgment. We may flatter ourselves that though we leap the bounds of discretion's mark, we can control the affections and propensities at our leisure. But O! delusive hope! This is the rock on which thousands have split. Often, when the sun shines brightest—when the heavens are the least obscured with vapors, and the atmosphere is most serene, when all nature smiles in beauty and loveliness, and all the elements are hushed in profound silence, suddenly a dark spot is discovered in the horizon, rising gradually from the slumbers of repose. It widens and expands as it ascends. The sky lowers, the blackness of darkness begins to gather around, the Sun hides his face, the beasts run howling from the hills, the birds flit athwart the heavens, the woods roar, the tempest and the storm rage, the vivid lightnings scathe, destruction and death ensue, devastation and ruin are scattered around.

How often do we see youth weigh anchor, and set sail on the ocean of life, with the fairest prospects and most promising hopes of a happy and successful voyage. Spreading their canvass to the gentle breeze, they glide for a while smoothly over the expansive waters, chanting their soft melodies to the charms of fond expectation. Wafted along by the gentle gales of prosperity, they taste the dainties of festivity, breathe the perfumes of morning, and regale themselves on the pleasures of social life. Flushed with ambition, and a laudable desire of excelling, their minds may be directed to noble attainments and exalted achievements; and as they grow in reputation, wealth and influence, they encourage us with the lively anticipation of future greatness and excellence—of their living respected and dying happy; and yet, how often are we called to witness their sad reverse of fortune, and to deplore their condition and unhappy fate. Their feelings, light and buoyant, and naturally inclined to mirth and levity, they readily mingle in the society of a thoughtless, vain, facetious throng; partake of their habits; participate in their pleasures; run into their extravagancies; engulph themselves in sensuality and sloth, and finally wreck their vessels on the rocks of prodigality and libertinism. How vain is man! seldom does he ponder the paths of his feet. Regardless of his true interests, he pursues his blind and headlong steps, little thinking that the day of irrecoverable ruin begins to draw nigh. Were we enabled by the prophetic ken, to raise the impervious veil that hides from futurity, and to disclose to the understanding the fatal consequences of folly and mad indiscretion; nay, could we in all the tender accents of sympathetic grief, pourtray the scenes of wretchedness and wo, the vain, the slothful, and the vicious will heap to themselves, how few in the commencement of their hapless career, but would say in answer to such anticipated results, "What, are thy servants *dogs*, that such should be their unenviable lot?"

We frequently see a man of industry, frugality and uprightness, gradually bending to the influence of passions or appetite, until *habit* rivets her chains and secures him as a victim to ungovernable desire. Though he once thought himself at an infinite remove from the slough of pernicious evils, and apprehended it impossible for him to be so much of a dog, as to yield to the base suggestions of brutal lusts, yet he is almost unconsciously brought into the sphere of the tremendous vortex, from which it requires uncommon efforts to escape.

We have but a very imperfect idea of the powerful efficiency of custom, and the mightiness of *habit*. They are like the paws of the ferocious lion, with which it is dangerous to grapple. I have a better opinion of human nature, than to suppose the noble and highly gifted ani-

mal man, who bears the impress of his eternal Author, is so depraved and destitute of every holy principle, as to become the victim of sensual indulgence, or the slave of the passions from any inherent choice. I presume there cannot be found a single votary of Bacchus—a devotee to debauchery, or a servant to vice, whose habits of libertinism have been formed since coming to the years of maturity and reflection, who intended, prior to the loss of self command, reputation, or character, to tread the path of crime, or sink in moral debasment. Man is not so enamored with sin naturally, as to choose evil in preference to good, for the sake of evil—but on the contrary, virtue is respected even by the bad—she commands the admiration of the wanton and profane. For the most part we are led to the unwarrantable indulgence of the appetites, and the gratification of the passions by a regular gradation. One demand being granted, another calls—we reluctantly submit. The syren song of delusion lulls to repose—another demand is made. Apprehending no danger, we bow in humble acquiescence; the power of habit grows; uneasiness and discontent are engendered. We labor to satiate anxiety, self command wanes—resolution gives way; we grant a little, more is required, and at last, rendered imbecile, powerless—locked in adamantine chains, we find to our surprise and bitter regret, we are, what we once were not, and what we once abhorred.

The man of inebriety commonly begins the ruin of his hopes, and the prostration of his happiness, by shallow draughts; the potions increase, the number multiplies, and alas! too late, he finds himself wallowing in the slough of INTEMPERANCE—lost to society, lost to himself, and lost to the world; but a burthen to his connexions, and a degredation to human kind. When he first begins to sip at the intoxicating bowl, little does he think that the poisonous cup will one day derange his intellect, enfeeble his limbs, destroy his constitution, beggar his family, waste his energies, blight his prospects, and sink him in eternal infamy and disgrace. And should such an idea be suggested to him, he would be heard to answer in contemptious sneers, "What, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing!"

I have observed, we know but little concerning ourselves, and but imperfectly realize the strength of habit; hence, "the proper study of mankind is man." There are many philanthropists, in whose bosoms glow the genuine principles of virtue and humanity, whose hearts dilate with every thing noble, grand and excellent, who zealously enlist their energies in the cause of religious and civil liberty, and endeavor to plant the standard of republican freedom on the battlement of despotic tyrany. And, who, after being crowned with success, notwithstanding the pure patriotism and love of country with which they were once actuated, become haughty and insolent, grow fond of power, and deaf to the calls of mercy and justice. Caressed by their companions, and honored by their countrymen, ambition takes possession of their hearts, and while they seek for aggrandizement, opulence, and dominion, they hesitate not, to sacrifice principle, honor, and the public weal on the altar of personal interest. And advancing from step to step, they at last exercise that principle of *domination*, they at first labored to overthrow. Little do they imagine, when first embarking in the sacred cause of LIBERTY AND EQUAL RIGHTS, prompted to action by every ennobling attribute that can adorn the character of man, that they shall immortalize their names by deeds of barbarity and wickedness. Little do they anticipate they are so nearly allied to dogs in brutality, as that a change of circumstances, condition, and fortune, would renovate their characters, change the impulse of their feelings, and blacken their history with crime and cruelty.

Do we begin to accustom ourselves to the practice of any thing, at first odious and disgusting, for the sake of gratifying pride, curiosity, or fashion, or for any other consideration; soon it will become agreeable and delightsome. Like the wound which at first shrinks back from the application of the surgeon, and afterwards yields to it with pleasure—the sensibilities are readily intoxicated with *habit*, and soon become attached to what they previously disliked. *Habit* is denominated "a second nature." It is much easier to run into a thousand pernicious and unwarrantable habitudes, than to rid ourselves of one that has been contracted. Go to the man rioting in dissipation, and revelling in scenes of intemperance and sensuality, and see pourtrayed in striking light the sad consequences of such madness and wickedness, and possibly you may be surprised to hear him give a lucid dissertation on the evils arising as the concomitant products of inebriety. He casts his reflections on the enormity of the pernicious vice—He weeps at his temerity—He reviews his past life, and turns from the sad spectacle in disgust—He mourns his misfortune, and you will hear him promise by all that is sacred and dear tha the will refrain; that henceforth he will live a life of soberness and respectability. He forms the noble resolution to forbear and cease his base and ignoble practices. For awhile he abides the determination—Again he feels the gnawings of appetite—he sees the goblet sparkle—his uneasiness increases—he casts a longing, lingering look upon the stimulating fluid, and resolves not to touch lest he die—his thirst rages, and loudly calls for gratification—his bacchanalian associates invite, solicit, urge, and re-urge—self-government gives way—he reaches forth his trembling hand, grasps the chalice, violates his vow, and sinks his soul in death.

Perhaps there is not an individual to be found within the territories of the civilized world who thinks himself so much of a dog, until he is wholly lost in the whirlpool of destruction, as to brutalize his nature by lawless indulgence, and exercise of libidinous passions. We all think we can keep our bodies under, that we can say to the wild and tumultuous elements, "thus far, and no farther go, and here be ye stayed." But let him, who has begun to take his regular potions of any thing deleterious, even when not used to excess, and in which there is a possibility of advance, ponder well the paths of his feet, for the day of irretrievable death approacheth. "How can we reason but from what we know?" We have seen others possessing strong minds, sound judgment, and vigorous intellects, gradually yielding to the influence of habit, till ruined and disgraced, they become the bane of society, and the offcasts of the world. And if human nature be invariably the same, how can we expect to look down from the towering heights of moral excellence, to the fatal gulf-stream of debased humanity, play carelessly around the tottering edge of the awful precipice, and not inadvertently leap down the frightful steps into the unfathomable abyss! How shall it happen to us, that we shall be so highly favored, as to escape the menacing destruction, when so many others fall victims to their imprudence? "Caution is the parent of safety," and would we pass clear of the dangerous shoals and quicksands to which we are ever exposed, we should keep at as great a remove as possible. We must narrowly watch over ourselves, for possibly, we may be running towards the goal of ruin, when we imagine all is well. A mariner on the borders of the Maelstrom, may apprehend he is gliding smoothly and pleasantly along the expansive waters, exposed to no danger. He may sail round and round upon the exterior, and anticipate that he can direct his vessel happily again beyond its influence. But alas! when he makes the attempt, he finds his efforts fruitless. And with horror and dismay, he discovers that he is drawn with irresistible violence towards the vortex of destruction.

The Gamester does not anticipate in the outset of his career, that he shall be swallowed up in the whirlpool of midnight revelry. He commences the sad history of his life by sporting for diversion, thinking there is no harm in this. He becomes expert, proves successful, and in process of time is tempted to lay the wager. He wins the prize. Stakes again, meaning it shall be the last, and is *fortune's* favorite yet. Allured and fascinated, he grows fond of the pernicious vice, and haunting the houses of riot and debauchery, he presses onward, till he is beyond recovery and is lost forever. Though he once thought he was not so much of a dog as to do this great thing, yet we find him at last brutalized, and all that once bespoke the character and dignity of man, buried in the letheal waters of Libertinism.

It is impossible for us to judge of the strength of the human mind in controlling the affections, appetites and passions, from aught that we feel within ourselves; and equally as impossible for us to rightly estimate the mightiness of the animal propensities, till they have been brought under a high excitement to bear against the sober dictates of judgment and discretion. And he that would save himself from destruction should not give countenance to even the appearance of evil, but should flee temptation as a deadly poison.

This subject is introduced as a word of caution to those who are in the way of well doing. The tempting allurements of vice beset us on every side; and would we keep our feet from the miry pit, we must carefully avoid the slippery way. It is true, some may possess sufficient self-government to shun the evil they are pursuing, and break off from pernicious habits, before they are lost irrecoverably, and witness the fatal catastrophe to which they were exposed, yet the occurrence is rare, and generally treated as an anomaly in human events. Besides it is easier to check indulgence in the bud, than when fully blown. And hence, we had better stand as sentinels to the Post, and watch the movements of the enemy, that he may obtain no advantage over our weakness. The passions and affections like the elements of fire may be profitable servants, but grievous and pitiless Masters. Let them therefore be early disciplined to yield to the mandates of reason, and the sober dictates of conscience.

As man is a creature of circumstance, passive as well as active, influenced by objects, and controlled much by *habit*, a great and awful responsibility rests on those, to whom is entrusted the protection and guardianship of the rising generation. "'Tis education forms the mind," and gives the bent to inclination. This, if not mathematically certain, is proverbially true. Hence, those who have the care, direction, and control of the expanding genius, are under the most solemn obligations to impress the mind with correct principles, and with a proper conception of things, that their modes of thinking, speaking, and feeling, may superinduce habits of industry, virtue, and sobriety. It is true, after all our culture, care, and attention, the bud may blast, or the canker may destroy the flower, yet the danger is not so imminent, as when the mind has been left uncultivated, and contaminated with wrong impressions and gross practices. "Train up a child (is a wise saying) in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Hence, too much

caution, prudence, and discretion cannot be used, in forming the habits and regulating the manners of the children under our care. We may indulge the hope they are not such *dogs*, as to disappoint our fond expectations, yet we know not what a day may bring forth, and we should guard against the occurrence of evil by moulding a proper character for determining their future destiny.

Notwithstanding our characters are partially formed in early life, while in the fostering arms of parental love, yet their future direction in degree is at our own sovereign disposal; and it behoves us to watch over ourselves with assiduity and faithfulness, lest peradventure, we may be ensnared by the enchanting baits of vice—and if I am addressing any, who have either voluntarily or inadvertently bowed to the idol of concupiscence, let me entreat you by your love of happiness, by your regard for the feelings of relatives, by the alliance that subsists between you and your Creator—by the laws of our social nature, and every thing sacred to refrain and turn from your evil ways. Say to sin, the enemy of your peace, "get behind me Satan, for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." I fear the path you are pursuing will lead you on to ruin and death. O! stay thy hand, rash, inconsiderate man! pluck not the poisonous plant, heed not the rambling impulse of base desire, seek not the destruction of your hopes and joys. You may feel to reply. "Give yourself no uneasiness; there is no danger near. Death is not in the way. What! do you suppose thy servants dogs that they should sacrifice their felicity, reputation, and all earthly prospects on the altar of beastly desire!" Gladly would I indulge a hope to the contrary, yet it is ever advisable "to agree with the adversary quickly while we are in the way with him, lest he become enraged, deliver us up to prison, and incarcerate us in the loathesome cell, where we must remain till our all is sacrificed."

And you who profess the name of Christ, should not act so much the part of the dog in the manger as neither to go into the kingdom of heaven yourselves, nor suffer those that are entering to go in, but in the exercise of that charity, which is the bond of perfection, open the door which no man can shut, and win souls to the Redeemer's cause. Only let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ, that possessing one spirit and one mind, ye may be found striving together for the faith of the gospel. "*Be wise today, 'tis madness to defer.*"

FROM THE PIONEER AND VISITOR.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

And he said unto them, when ye pray, say, Our Father, which art in Heaven. Luke xi, 2.

There is, perhaps, no part of the New Testament, which presents so beautiful, and at the same time so comprehensive a view of the divine nature and government, as that celebrated form of prayer which our Lord introduces, in the words placed at the head of this article. In nothing, indeed, can the cheering and the sublime be more beautifully blended, than in the opening of this prayer—Our Father which art in Heaven!

Were it in any other view, that we were directed to address our Maker, we might naturally be disposed to do it with fearfulness and terror, for at the immense distance we are placed from him, we are much more easily impressed with ideas of his power, than of his beneficence. Thus our religious services would be overshadowed with the gloom of superstition, and our worship be offered, not in spirit and in truth, but with the dark and indistinct apprehensions of a constrained devotion. But the views of the divine Being which our Lord presents in the beginning of this prayer, are of a widely different tendency—and awaken emotions of a widely different nature—the emotions of confidence, and hope, and love.

What pleasing recollections are associated in the mind, with the name of Father. How forcibly does it bring forward ideas of the most tender affection, of the most watchful care, and of the most active and unwearied exertions for our happiness. But if it call forth these feelings when applied to man, what must be the emotions awakened by the same name, when applied to God? Does it not impress us with the idea of the active, undying, and efficient regards of the Infinite and Almighty parent of nature? Does it not represent the Great Author and Father of the spirits of all flesh, as "expanding the wings of his benevolence, wide as the arch of Heaven," over his numerous intelligent children? Aye, it reveals to us all the secret springs of his loving kindness and mercy; and represents the rich streams of his beneficence, flowing to all the numerous offspring of his hands. Such is the view of our Creator, presented in the beautiful opening of this prayer.

I know these views, all do not admit. I know it is supposed that the unbelieving and unconverted, are not objects of the divine regard;—that the scorner and trespasser are not his children;—that God, in short, is *not* the Father of sinners. Hark! "Our Father which art in Heaven, forgive us our trespasses." Who are they, that are thus directed to say, *Father* forgive us *our* trespasses? are they not transgressors? are they not sinners? They are; and are commanded by the Saviour himself, to call God their Father. Does this indicate that God is not the Father of the unconverted? That the scorner and trespasser are not objects of his regard? No; but it does in the most positive language show these statements to be untrue. We say, therefore, that God is emphatically *our* Father. Not the Father of any individual petitioner only; not the Father of any particular sect or denomination; but the Father of the race of man—the Great Parent of being and beneficence throughout the world: and every intelligent existence under heaven, may come boldly unto His throne of grace, and in truth say OUR FATHER.

Another reflection naturally excited by the opening of this prayer, is that of the superintending care of God. If God be our Father, he must also be our governor. This sentiment also follows: "Give us this day, &c. for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever."

Our prospects would indeed be alarming, were it not for the overruling care of God. Our hopes would indeed be feeble, were we left to our own direction. But then we know there is One sitteth at the helm of the universe, who is without variableness or shadow of turning; One, whose loving kindness, no agitations of anger, or fear, or sorrow, can influence;—One, who rests in the possession of that unfathomable infinitude, which neither the virtues nor vices of man can affect. In view of such a Father, we are led to exclaim, Whom have I in heaven O God but thee, and there is none on earth I desire beside thee.

I know it is sometimes asked, of what benefit is prayer, if deity is the uncontrolled and unchanging director of human affairs? But such questions originate from very imperfect ideas of this part of our religious services. The design of prayer is not to make impressions upon God, but *upon ourselves*. It is directed, that it may *impress us with a proper sense of our dependent state, and confirm and increase within us those affections and dispositions, in which our highest improvement and happiness consist.* It is a vain hope indeed, that by addressing our feeble petitions to heaven, we can create new emotions in the unchangeable Governor of the world; and thus turn away his anger, and induce him to smile upon us with increased affection and tenderness. God has no love of homage, that he should be gratified with our fair protestations and humble words; or his beneficence called forth by our weak and insignificant praises. No; sooner might we induce the seasons to change their course, or the sun to smile upon us with more than his wonted benevolence, by praising the beauty of his beams. Prayer is to affect *us*, not God. We are benefitted by it in the following manner:—

1st. When we address our Creator as both the Father and Governor of the universe, it cannot but lead us to trust and confide in him. For we address him as one, who watches over us with parental tenderness—whose eye is present over every path we are called to tread—who amid every distress can afford the needed relief; and who, for whatever labors we may be called to perform, will reward us openly.

2d. It is productive of benevolence and love, for our fellow men.

If we pray with the views I have described, we do not pray with the selfishness of unenlightened men, but with the wide benevolence of christian philanthropy. We offer supplications, thanksgivings, intercessions and prayers in behalf of all men, for the world we inhabit—that the moral kingdom of its author may come, and diffuse light and joy over the habitations of men. Now it is impossible for us thus to pray, without having our benevolence and love exalted, and their influence enlarged; without feeling a disposition excited, to be fellow-workers with our Savior, in removing the sorrows and imperfections of the world.

3d. It affords us tranquillity and peace, amid the agitations of life. All the ordinary pleasures of our life, are embittered with many pains and distresses. We experience sometimes the ingratitude of our friends; we encounter the calumnies of enemies; and the noise and disturbance of the world, wear out and oppress our minds, till we wish for retirement and repose. In such seasons we can find in silent communion with our Heavenly Father, a region of quiet, where all our troubles are forgotten, and where all the sorrows of life are solaced in his love.

S. P. S.

ST. LAWRENCE ASSOCIATION.

The St. Lawrence Association of Universalists met at the Court House in the village of Canton, on the 27th of June, 1832. Br. Pitt Morse was appointed Moderator, and Br. Eli Ballou, Secretary. A letter of Fellowship was granted to Br. Jeremiah H. Whelpley, and Ordination conferred upon Brs. John Simonds and Eli Ballou. Circular by Br. E. Ballou. The Association adjourned to meet at Malone on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday of June, 1833.

DEDICATION.

On Wednesday the 18th ult. the Universalist Meeting-house lately erected in Medford, Mass. was solemnly dedicated to the worship of the one only true and living God. A sermon on the occasion was delivered by Br. S. Cobb, of Malden. Brs. H. Ballou, S. Streeter, and T. Whittemore, were present and took part in the public services. The editor of the Trumpet speaks of the persevering zeal of our brethren in Medford in terms of high praise.

The July No. of the Christian Preacher is received. It contains a sermon from the Editor, Br. William A. Drew, on the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and one from Br. Seth Stetson, Buckfield, Me. entitled 'Causes for joy in the Christian Faith'---text '*And there was great joy in that City.*" Acts viii, 8.

Br. Charles Spear wishes letters, &c. hereafter directed to Hartford, Ct.

THE MORALIST.

"The way of the transgressors is hard."

If you are not yet convinced of the truth, go with me to the dark cells of the penitentiary—to the cold, dismal, and cheerless abiding place of the solitary convict, who is to remain in this dark mansion during life. In one corner is his hard and comfortless couch, placed where no sound breaks upon his benumbed and chilled faculties, save that of the grating of the ponderous bolts and bars. There, shivering with doubts and apprehensions—shut out from the world, darkness, dreariness, and sickness of heart surrounding him—left to brood in silence upon the past. Look upon this living monument of shame—where is inscribed upon his burning brow, his hollow cheek—his ghastly and emaciated countenance, the fearful recompense that awaits the transgressor. Here, written as in characters of fire, you may see that there is no peace to the wicked—that there is a God who judgeth in the earth! You that have chosen the way of wisdom, pleasantness, and peace, contrast this situation with your own, and then tell me if you are not abundantly compensated for all your deeds of virtue, even if there is no other world but this!

Turn to a more common spectacle, look at the man of intoxication, reeling and staggering home from some public place of resort, a bloated curse to himself, his family, and all mankind. Once, perhaps, he was looked up to with friendship and respect, genius flashed in his eye, eloquence dropped from his lips, and his friends were anxiously looking forward to a period when he should clothe himself with fame and renown. But, alas! how sad is the reverse, in the noon-tide of joy, in the very day-spring of fortune and honor, even then, lay lurking in his path the demon of desolation. His friends must be merry with him, they must gaily quaff the flowing bowl to his success in life. Soon the habit of loitering at these storehouses of ruin and despair become fixed, soon the serpent of the still more subtle than that which beguiled Eve, wound its venomous fangs around his very soul! And what is he now—despised and scorned by all mankind, sunk below the level of the brute that wallows in the mire, his home a desolation, his starving, naked children, crying bitterly for a morsel of bread. The partner of his former joys mourning in the bitterness of her soul over the memory of days when the sun seemed to rise but for her happiness, when wrapped in the enchantments of fancy, this world seemed a weedless garden, all above was sunshine, and all beneath was flowers. Now what is her situation, pale and wan, heart-broken, she is fast sinking to the silent tomb, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Look at the husband, once affluent and happy, respected and beloved. Now his hands trembling, his lips quivering, his face covered with wounds and bruises, his house stripped, and himself a beggar. A few more short days, and the alms house receives him covered with filth and disease, and racked with excruciating pain, he breathes his last, and the clods of the valley cover him! And yet there are those who tell us there must be an endless hell, a future state of retribution, because the wicked enjoy so much more pleasure in this world than the righteous!

When we look around us and see many of the companions of our childhood, who were once treading the path that leads to usefulness, happiness, and peace, who are now bereft of every comfort, the loathed inmates of a jail or an almshouse, the shivering pensioners of the cold charity of a grudging world, and think what was once their situation—when we look again and find others sleeping in the silent valley, unwept and unhonored, does our better judgment ever tell us that the way of sin is easy, and that the burden of iniquity is light? Have we ever witnessed their burning shame, their bitter remorse, their scalding tears of repentance, without feeling that there is a fearful recompense for iniquity in the earth? I appeal to the understanding of my respected auditors, to answer me from the heart, when I ask—if they ever yet have raised the chalice of guilty pleasure to their lips, without finding, by melancholy experience, that there was consuming fire in the draught? Have we ever in the whole course of our lives, willingly and wittingly transgressed the commandments of God, without finding a reward according to our works—without finding that our judgment lingereth not, and our damnation slumbereth not! These are questions that relate to our experience, we do know that for the wrong that we have done, for that we have ever received a just recompense of reward.

THE USES OF AFFLICTION.

It is not my intention at this period to write an essay on the uses of sorrow, or to dwell at length on the consolations which remain for those who, borne on the troublesome waves of adversity, still feel that there is a hope star which shines above their path, and casting a bright gleam upon the ruffled waters, lights them onward in their course toward a high celestial home—no! I merely intend at this time to relate in a few words a conversation I once held with a highly intelligent and much esteemed friend, which has often occurred to my thought since, with perhaps deeper power than at first, and it is a matter of regret to me that the words she then used have so far escaped my memory, that I can merely relate the substance of her remarks, without hoping to place them in so interesting or striking a light as she was able to do. We were conversing on the manifold trials of life, on the afflictions which are found in the paths of all, and on the direct influence which such trials often have to call out the higher parts of the character, and touch the finer chords of the mind—till nobleness of thought, strength of purpose, and devotion of heart seem awakened, where before there was nothing save careless indifference, inactivity and selfishness; and the song of praise, and the breath of prayer, has gone up from those hearts which once uttered only the murmurings of discontent, or were cold and insensible to the delicate touch of feeling. We were inferring from thence that it was the hand of a merciful Father which had scattered such seeds of improvement in our path, when with an apology for its seemingly trifling subject she related to me the following story. After watching for a long time a chrysalis, she perceived one morn that the transformation of the insect was completed, the newly formed butterfly was trying to pierce its envelope. It was a difficult task, the slender antennæ (or feelers) of the insect seemed unequal to burst the shell. My friend marked its repeated endeavors with no little interest, and saw it after trying unsuccessfully for a long time, seem resolved to yield the point, and desist from its labors. She imagined that it would not try again, but the cessation was only temporary; in a few moments it renewed its exertions, with greater force, but no better success. Then, as she witnessed its painful labors the thought occurred to my friend if this small insect was too trifling for the regard of Him who made it, for what reason was it thus foiled in its efforts, why was it appointed to this unnecessary torment? Scarcely had the thought passed through her mind when, by a violent effort the insect effected its enlargement, and the purpose was made manifest. There was the butterfly, extending its antennæ, and after spreading out its bright and beautiful wings to the air, flew away to enjoy its new life, with its organs fitted and strengthened for that life, by the very exercise of bursting its shell. If it had not previous to its enlargement been obliged to use those organs, it would not have been conscious of their purpose, or able to use them in this new life where they were its only aid. At the period when they were most needed, it would have had to learn their use, and discover their power. But at the very moment of its flight, they were now ready: the necessity of using them had produced their developement, and that use increased their strength. Then my friend said she learnt that the least purpose of God was formed in wisdom, and tended to the ultimate happiness of his creatures. This was a clear illustration of trial. Man was even yet as that chrysalis, and the more trials he meets, the more they tend to awaken and call into play the feelings and powers of a higher nature—the moment the lesson is learnt, the difficulty will be removed; but his daily war with temptation, his struggling efforts to overcome the weakness of his mortal nature, enkindles and keeps alive a purer principle in his heart, and makes that fire burn brightly that might be otherwise quenched and dimmed. The thought has often come to me since, when I have seen the sorrows of this life bow down the head of the mourner, and the "paralyzing hand" of sickness laid on the strength of manhood, I have felt both were ordered in wisdom, both were means of improvement—means by which the moral man must be strengthened, and the believer's courage tried, till the superstructure of principle is no longer supported by a "bowing wall," but is turned to a firm and finished edifice; and till the heart, cleansed from its secret sins, is pure, changed to the temple of God, and filled with the glory of His high presence. And I then felt that he who bearing the name of Christ, follows humbly in his steps, submitting himself to the will of his God will be renewed in the spirit of his mind, and strengthened in faith, till he is made a meet partaker of everlasting life, and a fit actor in the scenes which God has appointed in that blest hereafter, where those who have borne the cross, will also enter into the joy of their Lord!
—*Badger's Messenger.*

TREACHERY IN FRIENDSHIP.

The specious pretender who artfully gains the confidence of an amiable and unsuspecting heart, then wantonly betrays it, of all villains deserves most to be detested. The robber may possess generosity, the murderer will sometimes display great and rare qualities, but the false betrayer of implicit friendship can have no character above contracted littleness. It is a maxim, well established in moral philosophy, that men are influenced in their conduct by what appears to them to be their interest. Yet what ingenuity can discern an interest in basely abusing the trust of an honest man, who has paid you the compliment to suppose you worthy of his confidence? Is there any pleasure in viewing the keen mortification of one whom, by the same blow, you have cruelly injured and greatly disappointed? If such a sight can please you, how much has vice changed the original simplicity of your nature! The propensity of first gaining a confidence, then to betray it, springs from a quarter, which, at first view, we should not suspect. For, from a careful scrutiny of the bosom, we have found it uniformly grafted on a little ambition for low praise. Corrupted minds imagine there is a cunning in ensnaring an innocent heart; and, when used with success, the gentle tickle of vanity excites in their bosoms a pleasurable sensation. But it is a savage-pleasure, such as the hawk enjoys when he darts upon the heedless warbler of the forest; or such as is experienced by the *double-tongued* serpent, when he has charmed into his power the unsuspecting flutterer of a neighboring bush.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

EDITED BY T. J. SAWYER AND P. PRICE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1832.

NOTICE.

Services for the present will be attended in the Orchard-street Church, at the usual hour in the morning, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The evening service will be dispensed with.

OUR DUES.

We are constrained to call on Patrons in the country, who have not settled their subscriptions, to forward them as speedily as may be. We have forborn to press collections for so long a time, that they cannot reasonably complain of being called on now. *We* have waited on them nearly a year—*they* surely can on us a few weeks. We wish every individual in arrears to give special attention to it. The amounts are trifling to them individually, but of importance to us collectively. Agents, also, will please collect, in their respective vicinities, and remit. The utter prostration of business in the city from the sickness among us, has deranged our collections here. We know it is hard, under existing circumstances, to ask a man for money. But such as can accommodate us, we hope will. It is necessary we should be closing the accounts of the year as fast as possible.

P.

Our respected correspondent " C. M. S." will accept a *Parent's* thanks, for her kind memorial of departed innocence, which will be found in our Poetical department of this week. Grateful to the benevolent bosom, are the sympathies of friends, and doubly dear are they in seasons of affliction. We have tasted somewhat of the 'bitter cup.' Though in the morning, as it were, of life, we have *thrice* been called to follow our offspring to the cold and silent tomb, and we could in truth say,

'Oh, God! would, would this bitter cup we drink, had passed away!'

But this could not be. We know not that we should wish it, for we confidently believe we are in the hands of One who will do all things well. Still the springs of nature cannot be wholly suppressed; and it is not well they should be. We have but recently recorded in our columns the following beautiful sentiment, which may not be inapplicable.

'Weep for the dead—the bounteous God who gave us hearts to feel,
Meant not that we their hidden founts of tenderness should seal.
How could we learn our heavy debt of gratitude to pay,
For blessings *left*, if nought we reck'd of blessings snatch'd away.
Yes—we *may* weep the sainted dead, e'en though we know them blest,
Where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'

We believe our little ones have lost nothing in the exchange. We doubt not a re-union 'in that happy home, where parting is no more.' It is this confidence which has sustained us under the imperious call to surrender them up, one after another, to 'the *giver* of every good and perfect gift'—to the rightful governor of all. May this cheering hope ever light our chequered path in the journey of life, and may it especially be the joy and consolation of every Parent in seasons of affliction. With a trifling alteration of her language, we conclude with a sentiment of our correspondent:

'None but *a Parent* can express, what none but *Parents* feel!'

P.

SCRIPTURE EXPLANATION.

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. *Ecclesiastes* xi, 1.

It is quite obvious from the connexion, that the few first verses of this chapter, (probably to the close of the sixth,) contain an exhortation to charity. Yet the allusion in the passage under consideration, to an agricultural fact, at once beautiful and striking, when understood, is not only generally lost in our unacquaintance with the circumstances to which it is made, but also very much obscures the writer's meaning. To cast bread upon the waters would, in our apprehension of that phrase, present but a dreary prospect of finding it after many days. This obscurity is removed by a knowledge of two or three circumstances with which the writer and his original readers were familiar. 1. The term *bread* was anciently used with a far greater latitude than it now possesses. It included not only the article of food known among us under that name, but likewise all kinds of provisions. See an instance of this in 1 Kings, iv, 22, 23, where the daily provisions (*bread*, in the original) of king Solomon are enumerated. The term was also very frequently applied to *grain*, in its natural state, from which bread was made. In this sense it is found Gen. xli, 54; xlvii, 15, 17; Isa. xxviii, 28, and many other places. In the passage before us then we need not understand the term as signifying *bread*, in our limited sense of that word, but *grain fit for sowing*. 2. This however would not help our explanation, if to the term *waters* our common idea be attached. In some eastern countries, it should be remembered, the fields are inundated during the rainy season. It is when the waters are subsiding that the husbandman sows his seed in anticipation of a future harvest. "After a slight preparatory tillage," says Malte-Brun, Geog. Art. Egypt, "the seed is committed to the earth, still moist and slimy; it sinks by its own weight to a due depth, needing no harrowing to cover it." By *waters* then we should not understand, a *river*, *lake* or *pond*, as we should be quite likely to in this country, but *fields* fitted for tillage and slightly or partially covered with water, and thereby the better adapted to the purposes of husbandry. Allusions are several times made in the Bible to this circumstance. See Isa. xv, 6, where the prophet foretells that "the waters of Nimrim shall be desolate." The same is repeated Jer. xlviii, 33. Nimrim was a district in the territory of Moab to the east of the Dead Sea. By the waters of Nimrim becoming desolate, the prophets meant a loss of fertility to those fields rendered fruitful by annual inundations. See also Isa. xxx, 23, and xxxii, 20. By the last passage, "Blessed are ye that sow beside [upon] all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass," we should be led to infer that sometimes cattle were sent out, probably to tread in the seed. We recollect, however, no farther evidence of this than is drawn from this passage.

This explanation removes all difficulty, and moreover, gives the passage under consideration a striking beauty and power. The allusion is natural and cannot fail to impress deeply the exhortation to charity. As the husbandman with a joyful anticipation of abundant harvests, scatters his seed upon fields rendered fertile by overflowing waters, so "he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again." It is a pleasing reflection that charity never goes unrewarded. If there be no return in kind, there is always

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy."

S.

CONNECTICUT REPOSITORY---AGAIN.

We perceive in the Connecticut Repository of the 25th ult. a rejoinder to the remarks we inserted in our paper of July 7, under head "Connecticut Repository." From sickness in our family, who were out of town, and our consequent absence, the article did not meet our eye until after our last paper had gone to press. And we hardly regard the subject of sufficient importance, in a general point of view, to even now warrant any further notice. We however beg the indulgence of our readers for a few observations.

The first notice, by Mr. Taylor, of our remarks on Mr. Brook's renunciation, we viewed as wholly *gratutious* and *uncalled for*—from that source at least. Mr. B. was of age, and if necessary, might have spoken for himself. Yet he chose not to do it, and Mr. T. with a very singular readiness, volunteered his own services. It looked suspicious to us at the time, and although much doubt has hung over the career of Mr. T. for a year or two past, we still hoped there might be misapprehension, and that he would be exhonorated from undue interest in the case. His continued misapplication of our language, however, constrains us to believe, there IS a determination to defend the motives of Mr. B. let them be as they may. A denial of this disposition, coupled with labored exertions in their very defence, is childish in the extreme. As Mr. T. says in regard to our remarks, the subject is before the public, and they can judge of Mr. B's primary motives in his course. We know that many, (friends too of his present profession) have drawn their conclusions, and can award him no confidence. And we hazard nothing in saying that Mr. T. himself *had no confidence whatever in the sudden renunciation.* Then why multiply words on the subject—why accuse us of "lugging in" our own private opinions as primary evidence, when the slightest review of the article will show our opinion a mere secondary consideration—that we had traced the subject of our remarks from the first knowledge of him among our order, to his renunciation, before we made the most distant allusion to our own experience in the case. And then only in view of the canting expressions con-

tained in his renunciation, that his heart was "bleeding with grief" while penning his article—the sword that was to sunder the strong cords of fraternal affection between him and his friends. These friends were designated in terms too plain to be misunderstood—"their houses had been his home—their pillows his resting places." Our house had been his home, and our pillow his resting place; and we have since ascertained, that at the very time he was enjoying these tokens of friendship, he was practising upon us the grossest impositions. When, therefore, he came out with his whining, canting regrets for "broken friendship," we humbly conceived we had a privilege to offer our own opinion and experience, without subjecting ourselves to the charge of *inconsistency* in not *anticipating* him. And we have yet to learn we had not the *right* to do it, notwithstanding Mr. Taylor's very DISINTERESTED labors to show that we had not. We repeat, why then multiply words about it by misapplying our language—in short, why meddle with it at all. It was no concern of his. It was between Mr. B. and ourselves. And Mr. T. could not, under the circumstances, espouse it, without exhibiting an over-weening anxiety to give a tone, if possible, to the subject. He says, it is true, that he does not wish to "cavail," but we see not how he can exonerate himself from the charge, in the course he has pursued in this business. But it is perhaps useless to pursue it. If we are not sadly mistaken in our perception, there is a settled determination to defend the gentleman, come what will. If so, we say to Mr. Taylor, he is welcome to all the honor and dignity of such a warfare—to all the christian consolations which reflection in such a course is calculated to bestow. We grudge him not the enjoyment therein, and are perfectly content to abide the judgment of all honorable and candid men, on a review of our first remarks, with the article which called them forth. To others we do not appeal, for we could not hope to gain their attention, even if their opinions were worth having. P.

CHOLERA TRACT.

It is probably known to most of our readers, that a tract entitled "An appeal on the subject of the Cholera," has lately been published by the American Tract Society, and freely distributed through the city. We could have wished a calm and deliberate appeal at such a time—one that should have met the approbation of every candid and enlightened mind—one that should have "come home to men's business and bosoms." We could have wished an article containing sound religious instruction, mingled with such reflections upon *cleanliness*, *temperance*, and *cheerfulness*, as Religion herself would not shrink from commending, and such as the exigences of the case most evidently demanded. Though our *wishes* have not been realized, we must acknowledge that we have not been disappointed. Our acquaintance with the American Tract Society, its objects, and the spirit with which they are pursued, is altogether too familiar to allow of disappointment in a case like this. It relies too exclusively on alarming the fears of the weak, timid and ignorant, to suffer an opportunity like the present to pass unimproved. On page 1 the writer says,

"It is too probable that all precautions will be ineffectual to prevent the ravages of this subtle and mortal foe. If Providence has let loose the elements of destruction to chastise the nations for their iniquities, and has seen that America too needs the scourge, we can no more stay his hand, than the blades of grass can arrest the scythe that sweeps them from their parent sod."

On page 2, in perfect keeping with the above, and with genuine consistency, as it is usually preserved by some of our Limitarian friends, the writer says again, "It may be that the Lord will have respect to the fervent prayers of the American churches, and 'say to the angel that destroys the people, It is enough; stay now thine hand.'"

In several passages the author speaks of the Cholera as a *judgment* of God. On page 1 he speaks of Providence having "let loose the elements of destruction to *chastise* the nations for their iniquities." On page 3 he more than intimates that our all-wise Judge wishes by this dispensation to "manifest to all governments, nations, and powers, that '*Verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth.*'" Again he says, "Many and awful are the national sins that may have drawn down upon us this visitation." How often, how seriously have we been told this is a *state of probation*. Yet in contradiction to this radical sentiment in the popular creed, we are every day told of "the judgments which are abroad in the earth." We rejoice to observe this change in public opinion, and if the present dispensation of Providence shall teach christians a truth which they have too long despised, that *verily God judges in the earth*, and that *all his ways are judgment*, we shall have reason to rejoice still more.

The tract is especially addressed to two classes of persons, which include we suppose the whole community, "*the unprepared*" and "the prepared." As might be expected, an attempt is made to alarm the fears of "the unprepared." We will give a specimen.

"TO THE UNPREPARED.

Unprepared! Is it possible? When death is daily seizing on his prey all around you, your friends, your acquaintance, the young and the aged, the robust and the sickly; and when you are as certain of his ravages as if you saw him in the visible form of a monster, prowling for and devouring his victims! *Unprepared!* at this period, when a new form of disease, more terrific than any hitherto known in this country, has actually reached our shores, and may very soon commence its fatal ravages in our own houses! *Unprepared!* For what? For some short journey, whence you shall soon return? For an interview with some friend with whom you have business of no importance? For attending a trial, for which you are not a party concerned? Nay, but *unprepared* for a journey to *that country* "from whose bourne no traveller returns!" *Unprepared* to come into the presence of your Maker and your Judge! *Unprepared* to settle the mighty account of the last day! *Unprepared* to stand before the great white throne; to answer *for yourself*, to plead *guilty* or *not guilty* before the "Searcher of hearts," and to hear the sentence, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you!" which shall thrill the souls of the righteous with immortal joy; or, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!" which shall pierce the wicked with unutterable terror and despair.

Unprepared for *these* things! *Unprepared* either to vindicate before Him "whose name is Holy," your claim to eternal life on the ground of your *perfect* obedience to his law, or to offer "a ransom" for your soul, which disobedience has forfeited! The one or the other is necessary. God has "found a ransom;" but have *you* found it? Have you *accepted* that ransom which divine grace has offered? Have you felt your *need* of it? Have you come as a ruined, helpless sinner, to the cross of Christ, and cast all your dependence on him? If not, *he is no ransom for you.*"

We do the American Tract Society a favor in quoting so largely from the pages of their Appeal. We now beg leave to ask at their hands a favor in return. Will they have the goodness in their next public labor to *prove that the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, or any part of it, has even the remotest reference to a general judgment in the future world!* They may regard it as quite plain. It is then so much the more easily proved. Certainly it is time to do what *never has been done*, and what few have attempted to do—prove clearly that the chapter before mentioned, is properly applied in support of the doctrine of endless misery. Let this be done by the American Tract Society, or any person whatsoever, and we PLEDGE ourselves to RENOUNCE UNIVERSALISM FOREVER.

One quotation more and we will close. In the final appeal to "the prepared," the writer uses the following language:

"Be this engraven on our hearts, "He, which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." How infinite a reward for poor defective labors such as ours! How unspeakable a blessedness, to be permitted to plant a single jewel in the diadem of that Redeemer who wore a crown of thorns for us!"

We regret to see those who should be *humble* christians, looking forward for such rewards for their poor imperfect services on earth. We feel assured they will suffer disappointment, as we know they are misled into an awful error. "Unspeakable blessedness" is not of *works*. It must be the *gift* of God. That all may receive it, is our hope, and prayer, and faith. S.

FACTS WILL SPEAK.

In the last Advocate and Journal an appeal is made to the Methodist denomination for more subscribers to that paper. It is well known that it already has the largest subscription list of any paper in the world. Its number is stated at *twenty-eight thousand!* The editor shows very clearly, however, that the Methodists are still behind other denominations as a reading community. The Advocate and Journal is designed to serve the whole Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and it has 28,000 subscribers. The New England Herald may be added to it, and still we think the whole number will scarcely rise to 35,000. The Editor, from some data in a friend's possession, says the Presbyterians have *eighteen* papers, and the Congregationalists about the same. Giving to each paper the number of 2,000 subscribers, we have 36,000 papers published weekly by the Presbyterians, and about the same number by the Congregationalists. Now let us look nearer home. The Universalists, who are almost unworthy of notice, have *fourteen* periodicals, and issue weekly at least 20,000 papers! while the Methodists can number at the farthest only 35,000, and the Presbyterians with their "half million" can number but 36,000, and the Congregationalists about the same. With respect to the last we believe it altogether over-rated. How is it then? The Universalists must be much more *numerous* than our Limitarian friends are willing to believe, (which we know is true,) or (which we think true also,) they are the greatest reading denomination in the United States! S.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Various are the opinions entertained in relation to the Lord's Supper, usually termed the Communion, or Eucharist. And this diversity of opinion is not confined to partialists. It exists among Universalists.

Some contend that the Communion was specially instituted by the Savior, and that the observance thereof is perpetually obligatory among the followers of Christ. Others are of opinion that Jesus and the twelve, being Jews according to the flesh, simply kept the Jewish Pass-

over—that, for the attainment of valuable ends, the observance of the same rite was enjoined for a limited period; and that more than seventeen centuries have passed since the obligation expired by limitation. Others again, concede that we have no *command* to partake of the outward supper *now*—but contend for the observance of the rite on the ground of utility.

The object of this article simply embraces a statement of my own views, brief reasons therefor, and answers to such objections as may be suggested.

Bred a Quaker, I naturally imbibed, not only the sentiments, but in a great measure the feelings, and perhaps the prejudices, of the Society of Friends, on this subject, and also their views of Baptism, Regeneration, &c. Reflection has strengthened and examination confirmed my early impressions in relation thereto.

The Christian Religion is, in my estimation, wholly a ministration of *love*. It was love in its inception, must be love in its progress, and we have the promise that it will be universal love in its consummation. God shall be all in all, and 'God is Love,' 'Light,' 'a Spirit,' 'a consuming fire.'

Christian Baptism, as I understand it, is not the Baptism of literal water, any more than it is of literal fire. It is the Baptism of the soul in love---in God. It is the Baptism of light, of the Holy Spirit and of fire.

So of the doctrine of Christian Regeneration. To be 'born of God,' is to be born of, or imbued with, the spirit of love—the spirit of God.

So of the Christian *Passover*—for I know of no evidence that the last supper, so called, was any thing more than the celebration by Jesus and his disciples, of the Jewish Passover. Outward (Jewish) Baptism was typical of the 'washing of regeneration'—and the outward (Jewish) Passover represented the supper of the Lamb in the soul.

Jesus observed the Jewish Passover for the same reason that he submitted to the Baptism of John. "*Suffer* it to be so *now*," &c. Matt. iii, 15.

The Christian Passover, in my view, is not any thing outward. It is wholly internal. Jesus was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. He was the Lamb of God. The blood of the Lamb signifies the doctrine of Christ—so also of the bread of God, of love, the food of the soul, without which we suffer moral death. "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. iii, 20. This is the Lord's Supper—the communion of love. It is wholly of a moral or spiritual nature.

Why should they who have arrived to the stature of men in Christ, partake of carnal ordinances which perish in the using? Cannot we withdraw our minds from outward things to the supper within, unless an outward rite be performed? If we can experience the reality without the emblems, why should the use of the emblems be perpetuated?

No argument for the *perpetuity* of the outward rite can be drawn from the instructions of the Savior. Matt. xxvi, 26—29. Mark xiv, 22—25. Luke xxii, 17—20. In these passages it is said—"Take, eat," &c., and "this do in remembrance of me." But the perpetuity of the obligation to observe this rite, cannot thence be argued. 1 Cor. xi, 23 et seq. is most generally urged as proof of the intended perpetuity of the outward communion. But, in my estimation, the proof is deficient. "This do ye, *as oft as ye drink it*, in remembrance of me." How oft? "For *as often* as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death, TILL HE COME."

What coming is here intended? We may obtain some light touching this question, by consulting the context, verses 29, 30—"For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation [condemnation, judgment punishment] to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. *For* THIS *cause* many are *weak*, and *sickly* among you, and many *sleep*." It appears to me that these were *physical* consequences, attending an unworthy participation of the outward rite.

That many at the present day, eat and drink unworthily, will not be doubted. Are the cited effects observable in such instances, at the present day? If not, the obligation to eat and drink, &c. has ceased, "*Till the Lord come.*" It is *past*.

If we can assign a reason why it was necessary or expedient that the primitive believers should be able to cast out devils, take up serpents, &c. Mark xvi, 17, 18, we can also assign a reason why the effects before noticed should attend an unworthy participation of the outward communion, in the time of the apostle. These were palpable evidences of the truth as proclaimed in the name of the Lord Jesus. In view of these evidences the testimony could not be doubted.

But when the Lord came, as predicted in repeated instances (which predictious were kept in remembrance by the effects before noticed) the necessity for these evidences was superseded. The predictions were fulfilled, the Gospel established, and the facts and testimony recorded on which our faith is founded.

A query. If the outward communion was abolished when the effects of partaking unworthily thereof ceased, does it not follow that when the signs of believers ceased, as recorded Mark xvi, 17, 18, the Gospel was no longer to be preached?

No---for, in relation to the former, a limitation is expressed, "Ye do shew forth the Lord's death *till he come*." But no such limitation, neither expressed nor implied, can be found in connexion with the Gospel Covenant.

These remarks are offered in expectation that something farther will be elicited from those who are better able to do justice to the subject.

Philadelphia. A. C. T.

Prospectus for the Second Volume of the

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

Devoted to the Doctrine of Universal Benevolence, the defence of Liberal Principles, generally, in Religion, and miscellaneous reading, of chaste and moral tendency.

In presenting our friends with proposals for publishing the Second Volume of the *Christian Messenger*, few observations will be necessary in explanation of its objects, and those few cannot, perhaps, be better expressed than in the language of the prospectus for the first volume. "Its primary design is to 'plead the cause' of a slandered and persecuted denomination of Christians, (the Universalists)—to illustrate and enforce their principles, and defend firmly, though as far as possible, with christian candor, their doctrine from the opprobrium which even professing christians endeavor, too readily, to fasten upon it; and in thus defending its own, it will advocate the civil and religious rights of all. Professing a sentiment which recognizes the Almighty as our common Father, and mankind as brethren indeed, it can know no exclusive privileges. Whatever it may ask for itself, it asks for ALL.'"

In commencing the Messenger, we pledged the publication of one volume at least. That pledge is now nearly redeemed. As we have no wish to commence the Second Volume only under similar conditions, we thus early call on our Patrons for an expression of their opinion on our past labors, by showing us whether they are willing to journey on with us yet another year, should our lives be spared, and how far they can strengthen our hands by additional subscriptions. We have little apology to offer for the course of the Paper. We have endeavored to do the best in our power. That seeming severity may have marked its pages at times, we do not deny. Though whenever energetic or decisive language has appeared to us necessary, we have endeavored to practice it in candor and good will—to make our work, as was expressed in the introduction, as far as possible a Christian Message to its readers. How far we have attained this object, our Patrons will now determine, in sustaining the work or rejecting it altogether. We should be gratified in continuing the acquaintance so agreeably commenced, if it can be done with profit to them, and with justice to ourselves. A considerable accession to our list, however, will be necessary in view of the latter. On the present volume, the labors of the senior Editor (and he has not been idle, as our columns will abundantly testify) have been wholly gratuitous. If continued, he will need and deserve a compensation. Shall we be enabled to make it? Patrons therefore will please signify to us their intention as early as possible, and also make exertions for additional support. We particularly request this favor of them. It is necessary we should know our probable reliance, a reasonable time before the close of the first volume, (which will be the last Saturday in October,) that we may make calculations accordingly. A trifling exertion, individually, among them, will effect it.

TERMS.—The Messenger will be published every Saturday, on a royal sheet, quarto form, close print, at *Two Dollars* per annum, in advance, or *Two Dollars* and *Fifty Cents* if not paid within six months from time of subscribing. Letters to be addressed, post paid, "P. Price, 85 1-2 Bowery, New-York."

P. PRICE, PUBLISHER.

New-York, August 11th, 1832.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

GOSPEL WITNESS.

The undersigned proposes to publish in the city of HARTFORD, Conn. a new periodical of the above title, as an efficient co-operator with other valuable Journals, in support and defence of the principles of *Universalists*. The aim of the Editor shall be to lend his aid in correcting the numerous misrepresentations which constantly issue from the pulpit and the press, in regard to the *faith* of the religious denomination to which he belongs—and to present a full exposition of the peculiar sentiments of the order, and the 'reasons for the hope' entertained, of the final and blessed 'restitution of all things.' At a time when the whole artillery of *limitarian* opposition is directed, for the overthrow of what we believe to be Primitive Christianity, with which are connected the dearest hopes of a large class of this community, it will not, we trust, be out of place to solicit the patronage of a liberal people, to yet another publication, in this State, which shall be pledged to the propagation of the principles of sound morality, simple truth, and universal benevolence.

TERMS—The WITNESS will be published every Wednesday, each number containing four large quarto pages, at $1,50 per annum, or $1,25 *in advance*. Agents advancing $10, shall receive nine copies, or twenty copies for $20.

L. F. W. ANDREWS.

Hartford, Conn. July 1832.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Samuel Fry to Miss Mary C. Smith, daughter of Moses R. Smith, all of this city.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Br. S. J. HILLYER will preach in Somers, Tuesday ev. 14th. Wednesday ev. 15th in Peekskill. Friday ev. 17th in Kingston, & Sunday 19th, in Cairo.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

LINES

On the death of Julia Emily P——.

Bright dreams have vanished with thee, babe, that
with thyself were born,
" As angels' wings thro' opening clouds are seen and
then withdrawn ;"
And many a fond, parental hope long garnered up in
thee,
Hath perish'd like the tender bud upon the blighted
tree.

Who ever gazed upon thy face, too fair to be forgot,
But breath'd the fervent wish that thine might be a
happy lot,
Yet who could note thy fairy frame, so frail, so delicate,
And feel not that an early death was portion'd for
thy fate.

I see thee now—so fancy deems—upon thy mother's
knee,
Clapping thy little tiny hands in happy infant glee,
One snowy foot its little sock across the room has
spurn'd,
And then is lifted to receive the kiss thy sport has
earn'd.

I see thee, tired of play, and laid upon thy couch to
rest,
And peacefully is slumber's seal upon thine eyelids
press'd ;
A pale pink tinge is stealing o'er the lily of thy cheek,
And lighting up the clear, blue veins in many an azure
streak.

But thou art gone—a calmer rest is thine, a deeper
sleep,
Henceforth, in memory alone thine image we may keep ;
The azure light has left thine eye, thy cheek's faint
rose has fled,
Thy little veins are touch'd with ice—sweet baby thou
art dead !

I may not tell thy father's tears shed o'er a flower so
brief—
I may not lift the veil which hides thy mother's sacred
grief,
A grief that clings around the form where death has
set his seal—
None but *a mother* can express what none but mothers feel !

But knows thy mother whether thou, whose loss we
now repine,
Had'st been a blessing or a grief, had length of years
been thine ?—
Thou *might'st* have made more sad her cup, that time
will mingle here,
And liv'd to pain her tender heart—to pain, but not to
cheer.

Yet, but a blessing hast thou been—a joy 'mid earthly
cares ;
Thy soul was far too pure for earth—a brighter lot
it shares.—
We give thee up—bnt long our weak, our failing
hearts must say,
' Oh, God, would, would this bitter cup we drink, had
passed away !'

Sleep blessed babe—sleep on in peace ! in yonder
realms divine,
A purer spirit worships not around the throne, than
thine,
And 'tis our trust when flesh shall fail, and life's last
scene is o'er,
To meet thee in that happy home, where parting is
no more.

C. M. S.

REFLECTIONS.

'Sweet are the uses of Adversity,' said one who was familiar with all the deep recesses of the human heart, who could trace all its windings, and unravel all its mysteries, display the secret motives of the breast, and show man himself, unveiled by the splendid gossamer, that is too often thrown over the character, not more to deceive the world than to hide the *impure motive*, the *unhallowed desire* from the bosom in which they are cherished. And never, in all his sententious expressions, did he utter more truth in fewer words. Yes, sweet, indeed, are the uses of adversity, when the affections of the heart are chastened and purified, when the fire of youth is cooled, when headlong ambition is checked in its rapid career, and the lords of creation are made to feel that *they* are *mortal*, that they hold their friends by no *Life Bond*, and that though the world trembles at their presence, the stern monarch of the grave fears not to enter their dwellings, and carry away captive their wives and their daughters.

But sweeter, far sweeter, are the uses of adversity, when the young heart is bowed down in resignation to the will of Heaven, when the bright visions of morning are disappearing in the dim twilight of sorrow, and all the long years of joy in the society of a loved and cherished friend, are lost in the consciousness of separation, ' when friend after friend' has departed, and the heart has garnered up for safe keeping all the riches of early attachments, in the bosom of one *remaining friend*, and the grave has won that bosom to his cold bed, to see the heart thus despoiled of its riches, earnestly striving to lay up treasures in heaven, and coming forth from every fresh trial with purer affections and holier desires, is a powerful proof of the salutary influence of adversity on the heart.

How forcibly are we taught our own weakness, while unsuccessfully endeavoring to cool the burning brow or mitigate the intensity of our friend's suffering, and how fervently do we supplicate God to exert his healing power in our behalf, and when those we love have taken their flight to the world of spirits, how is the heart weaned from earth ; and turned to heaven as the only unalloyed, and unending source of bliss !

Yes, sweet are the uses of adversity when it withdraws the heart from the vanities of this life, and places it on the riches of heaven ; when by it the affections are purified, the understanding enlightened, and the *heart sanctified*.—*Universalist.*

A SUNDAY FAMILY DINNER,

Where all its members, after being separated perhaps for the week, united under the paternal roof, appears to us one of the most delightful circles imaginable. When home loses its attraction, we may rely on it there is fault somewhere ; parents have become unkind, or children prodigal ; and when aversion takes place, how great a source of enjoyment is cut off from the parent—how great a privilege is forfeited by the child ; where can we find a welcome like home ? It is at once an altar where we worship—a sanctuary to which we flee. How many temptations are resisted, when the child thinks of home, or when the parent of the child—each is to the other a monitor—conscious that the other is watching his conduct and his welfare. The Sunday family dinner appears to us like a confessional, where each must submit his conduct, ask and accord a mutual pardon—how rarely is it the case that children go astray, who are in the practice of habitual intercourse with their families. There is no shield like that which the endearments of home, filial obedience and fraternal affection interpose between the youthful and their temptations to save them from folly and crime. Let the young, therefore, when dishonor would parley with them, think of home, think how they shall render there, before all they reverence and love, an account of their conduct.

Boston Morning Post.

A wise man's kingdom is his own breast ; or, if he ever looks farther, it will only be to the judgment of a select few, who are free from prejudices, and capable of giving him solid and substantial advice.

Prospectus for the Second Volume of the

SOUTHERN PIONEER AND GOSPEL VISITOR.

As the SOUTHERN PIONEER AND GOSPEL VISITOR, has been before the public nearly one year, it will be sufficient, in issuing proposals for the second volume, to say, that no change will take place in the character of the work. It will, as heretofore, be devoted to the great doctrine of *Universal Salvation*, to the exposition of the Scriptures, and to the promotion of practical godliness. Every other number will contain an original Sermon, and every number an illustration of some difficult portion of the Bible. Practical subjects will also receive attention, so that while the mind is instructed in doctrine, the heart will be urged to repentance, and will be enriched by virtue. Intelligence will be given of the formation of societies, the erection of meeting houses, the meetings of associations and conventions, and of all that relates to the progress of liberal principles. The editors have correspondents in different parts of the United States, who will communicate the earliest intelligence of all that will interest and profit their readers. Several of the best writers in the Universalist denomination, have engaged to contribute for their columns ; others will be solicited ; and no pains will be spared by the editors to give them interest and variety.

The necessity of a liberal periodical in the states this is published, will be acknowledged by all. But the cause is new, and unless the paper receives support from the brethren in other states, the Proprietors will suffer great loss. In asking, therefore, the aid of the brethren throughout the Union, we only ask them to aid in promoting a cause, which is here now in its infancy. With the expectation of assistance, founded on the kindness and generosity of liberal Christians, and on the patronage already extended to the Visitor, arrangements have been made, by the advice of its friends, to publish it once in two weeks, on a royal sheet, in a quarto form, making a volume of two hundred and eight pages, at the rate of one dollar per year to country subscribers, and one dollar twenty-five cents to city subscribers. On these terms subscribers in any part of the Union will obtain their paper, nearly as cheap as city subscribers. Those who acted as Agents the past year, will accept our warmest thanks. A continuance of their favors is respectfully solicited.

All letters and communications to be addressed (*post paid*) Rev. O. A. Skinner, Baltimore, Md.

UNIVERSALIST BOOKS,

Of every description that can be obtained in the United States, are kept constantly for sale, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices, at the Trumpet Office, 40 Cornhill, Boston.—Among these are Ancient and Modern Histories of Universalism—Balfour's Works in full—Ballou's Works—Smith on Divine Government—Whittemore on the Parables—Petitpierre on Divine Goodness, Winchester's Dialogues, &c. &c. Tracts. A Sermon on the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, another on that of the Sheep and Goats. Counterpart to the famous orthodox Tract, called the Strange Thing, which is strange enough surely. One hundred Arguments for Universalism. The proprietor of the Trumpet Office has taken measures to be supplied with a full assortment of all the Universalist Works, published in the United States and in England.

T. WHITTEMORE.

☞All letters and communications relating to this paper, must be addressed "P. Price, No. 85½ Bowery, New-York."

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